



Published by the Press Publishing Company.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 18.
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION
(Including Postage).
PER MONTH.....\$3.00
PER YEAR.....\$35.00
VOL. 29.....NO. 10,044

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class mail matter.
5th BRANCH OFFICE:
WILLIAM UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 Broadway, between 31st and 32d sts., New York.
BROOKLYN—350 Fulton st., HARLEM—News Department, 150 East 125th st., Advertising at 357 East 116th st., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Lewins Building, 119 South 7th st., WASHINGTON—610 14th st.
LONDON OFFICE—32 Cockspur st., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

MAINTAIN THE PRINCIPLE.
The Judiciary Committee of the Assembly at Albany is considering the amendment to the law under the provisions of which Trux Waxes and other children have been summarily snatched from their parents and friends without the right of appeal.
It is this right of appeal which outraged public sentiment demands. The principle of appeal is as inalienable as that of free speech. It is the keystone of liberty.
There are able minds in the Judiciary Committee and keen intellects. Any improvement in the amendment that may be suggested by them will be welcomed by the people.
Only maintain at all times and under all circumstances the right of appeal from the judgment of a committing magistrate to courts of a superior jurisdiction.

HARTFORD'S AWFUL DISASTER.
The victims of steam, which have been celebrated for half a century, are not now altogether over space and time and inert matter. Man frequently falls a victim.
By the explosion, it is now believed, of a boiler in the Park Central Hotel at Hartford this morning several scores of human lives are thought to have been lost.
In the face of great disasters all men are brothers. The sympathy of the Brotherhood of Man points to Hartford.

SPIRITUALISM AT ALBANY.
HERMANN and KELLER are magicians whose cunning has endeared them to contemporary New Yorkers. They appear to have serious rivals at Albany.
It is said the entire cut-stone ceiling of the Assembly has been spirited away and no man knows its present abiding place. Spirits able to carry away cut stone enough to build houses for three contractors, or even a small penitentiary, must be able spirits indeed.
The craze for spiritualism which is revolutionizing our college curriculums must have struck Spirit Land also. Own up ye Dis Debars of the Spirit Land, do ye swing clubs and trot in flannels? Do ye have the hammer? Have ye carried off the cut-stone ceiling of the Assembly?

OR HAVE KELLER and HERMANN a rival at Albany because whose latest exploit their own marvelous jugglery pales into insignificance?
It is said the entire cut-stone ceiling of the Assembly has been spirited away and no man knows its present abiding place. Spirits able to carry away cut stone enough to build houses for three contractors, or even a small penitentiary, must be able spirits indeed.
The craze for spiritualism which is revolutionizing our college curriculums must have struck Spirit Land also. Own up ye Dis Debars of the Spirit Land, do ye swing clubs and trot in flannels? Do ye have the hammer? Have ye carried off the cut-stone ceiling of the Assembly?

BASEBALL AS A MORAL AGENCY.
AMOR ALONZO STAGO, captain and pitcher of the Yale Baseball Nine, made an address at the Metropolitan Opera-house last night to an appreciative audience. There are few baseball pitchers who can make a good talk to a public audience in that large auditorium.
Mr. STAGO talked religion. There are very few baseball pitchers, indeed, who could do that. As a weapon for knocking Satan out of a baseball bat ought not to be ineffective.

CHICAGO COOKERY AT THE WHITE HOUSE.
The engagement of M. HUGO ZEIMAN, late of Chicago, to be chef at the White House during the Harrison régime opens a new vista to diplomatic appetite.
It is the most sacred obligation of diplomacy to cherish the inner man of the visiting diplomat. Under the Haves régime the diplomat drank ice-water and acquired dyspepsia. Under the Cleveland régime on at least one occasion the wine gave out and he had to go home at his throat.
Under the HARRISON régime the mysteries of the Chicago cuisine, to which the mysteries of Isis couldn't hold a candle, will be revealed to the astounded ambassadorial appetite. Fried steak, pork-and-molasses, chitterlings, chine and spare-ribs, in short and especially all the choice morsels of the sacred hog are known at no recent date to have been dearly beloved in the great City by the Lakes.

Should these dainties be put before them by the new White House chef, the representative of the effete monarchies will cut their gastronomic eye-teeth.
The theory of "hearty sleep" will receive a deadly and iconoclastic shock from the singular case of the young woman of Baltimore who wrinkles up and gets old as soon as she enters the Land of Nod. Miss ANNIE STIDHAM, of North Carey street, has an "old head on young shoulders" for a portion, at least, of every twenty-four hours.

"Do I look like a seed distributor?" quoth WALKER WINKELMID.
In this you do: Your Cabinet chances seem to have gone to seed.
QUEENSBERRY IN SECLUSION.
England's Sporting Marquis Invisible at the Brevoort House.
The Marquis of Queensberry remains in strict seclusion at the Brevoort House, where he has given instructions that on no account is he to be disturbed by visitors. He did not enter his name on the register, and it was only by accident that his arrival became known outside of the hotel, much to his disgust.
The notoriety attending the last visit of the titled Englishman in connection with the London Gaiety troupe has caused him to shut his house, hence his desire to remain invisible.

DREAMLAND.

A Few More Glimpses of Its Interesting Scenery.

Thousands of Dreamers Still A-Dreaming.

But for the Sake of the Readers and Judge Hawthorne the Tournay Must Close Soon.

His Dream Caused a Panic.

I dreamed I had a race from the school-house. I had a very fast horse, and to hold him back I pulled as hard as I could. But what was I pulling but my little brother's hair? And the louder he hollered the more I pulled, thinking it a runaway. My brother kicked me, and I thought it was the horse kicking. I jumped out of the bed and landed on our little Spitz dog, who set up a tremendous howl, and by that time the whole family was present to join in the chorus of my dream.
Leo, Greenpoint, L. I.

Was Having a Farewell Dance.

I dreamed that I had committed murder, and after being sentenced to death I made one farewell request of the Judge, and that was to allow me to attend a reception which was to be given in my honor. The request was granted, and upon my appearance in the ballroom I was greeted with groans and hisses. Although I danced with all my friends, I was continually pointed out as the man who must die to-morrow. After a dance one of the court officers came for me, and after handcuffing me, roughly shouted: "Come along, your time has come." After pulling me away from my friends, who uttered words of consolation, I awoke, rather frightened.
JOSEPH POPPER, 501 East Houston street.

An Unpleasant Experience.

I dreamed that I had been attacked by a footpad and in the scuffle which followed had shot him dead. I was committed to jail to await my trial, and in a short while was placed in the dock, charged with murder. I was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The next thing I recollected was on the scaffold, with a clergyman standing beside me earnestly praying, and beneath me the faces of jailers and spectators, and then a dull thud, and straggling sensation, and I was pouring down my face and feeling sick and faint, and to my great relief found it was only a dream. The most singular part of this terrible ordeal was the fact that the following day I experienced a soreness around my throat, which was marked by a red streak which has subsequently disappeared.
D. J. B., 44 West Broadway.

He Was a "Peek Bah" Cabinet.

I dreamed I was shut up in a cabinet in a large white house. It seemed to be a house I was familiar with, although I had never lived in it. Soon there was a loud knock at the door and a voice said: "Why stand ye all the day idle? If you are Secretary of State, be up and doing, as much is required of you." I was but partially awakened to the situation and to the fact that I was in a cabinet, when I heard a voice say: "Is this the way you fill your office of Secretary of the Interior? If you don't get out of that dark interior soon, you'll be as dark as the interior of Africa." Here I was making an effort to respond to the calls of another cabinet, and this time a voice said: "You're all right. You are Secretary of War. Sleep on and take your rest. These are times of peace. When the war comes I'll call you." This bewildered me somewhat, but I soon relapsed into a comatose state, again, until I was startled out of it by a voice saying: "You're all right. You are Secretary of the Navy. I was so crazed and bewildered I wished I was at the bottom of the sea. The air bubbles coming out of the cabinet Ministers, and being fairly beset on all sides, I accordingly plumed hat and rushed out to meet the clamorous crowd, when I awoke and found myself quietly lying upon my comfortable couch.
L. E. J.

The Withered Heart Dream.

I dreamed that my brother, a boy of eleven or twelve years, received a package from Scotland which was done up in black cambric and bound round with white, and which the woman who sent it made him swear never to open. I said to myself: "I did not take any oath in regard to this package, so I am going to see what it contains." Accordingly I opened it, and the first thing I drew forth was a skull. Continuing my search I drew forth a skull and the skeleton of a man's arm, and after that a withered heart.
I arose in the morning and never once thought of my very silly dream. At noon my brother came running to me in a great state of excitement and told me that he wanted then he could get me a man's skull and the skeleton of an arm: that a man was picking bones and found them, and that he wanted to see the upper part of the body, but if I wanted them they would cost them to me. Even then I did not think of this very singular and uncalled-for remark: "That is a very natural-looking heart. The most of human hearts I have seen have been withered!" Then I thought of my dream.
W. H. D.

It Was in "The Evening World."

Last Tuesday night I had to walk home on account of the street cars being tied up. I retired to bed when I was startled by hearing a loud music playing "Marching Through Georgia," and looking down Broadway I saw a large crowd of people marching to the music. They advanced closer and closer, and I saw a long line of street-cars, each with drawn up white and black faces, and each representing every line in the city, and the men were shouting: "The car strike is off. We all return to work to-morrow morning." The next morning when I awoke you can imagine my surprise when I picked up THE EVENING WORLD and the first thing that caught my eye were the letters "The Strike Ended."
174 East One Hundred and Eighth street.

Here's Food for a Navel.

I dreamed I was on a railroad train which had become stuck in a snow-drift and got out to see what was the trouble. As I turned my back to look around I found myself alone, the train having gone on. Seeing a light, I started for it, and found myself looking at a door. It was opened by a young-looking woman, to whom I told my tale of being left behind. She invited me in, and added that she was glad I had come, as she was all alone, her husband having died that afternoon, and as the nearest house was ten miles off, she wanted to drive there to notify them and asked me to remain with her. After she had gone, I looked and saw an opening to a room above. I took the candle and started up, and there before me was a figure laid out on a bed. On the wall hung a beautiful gold watch, and a sudden desire to take it and leave the house came over me, so I took the watch and was about to leave, when

the corpse slowly rose up and grabbed me by the coat, saying: "You would steal, would you?" I said I was only going to take the watch, but he told me his wife had poisoned him and, supposing him dead, had gone over for a lover of hers and would return shortly. He told me to do as he bade me, and gave me a present of the watch. He got up and dressed and, placing a lot of straw beneath the bed, saturated it with kerosene and told me when he would rap on the outside window. I waited for him to rap, but he did not, and it was not long before the lady returned, and with her was a gentleman. Soon after, I heard a rap and a window open, when I was told to light the straw and get out as fast as I could. I did so, and upon reaching the outside, discovered the corpse (?) with a gun leveled at a window. In an instant the whole building was ablaze, and I could see two figures appearing at the window, but the report of a rifle drove them back. I could hear their cries, but soon all was over and the building burned to ground. Then, turning to me, the corpse, or the man, warned me never to divulge what I knew, and thrusting a roll of bank bills into my hand, left me.
"Good-bye."
Union News Co., C. R. R. of N. J., foot of Liberty street.

A CHINESE BARON IN TOWN.

HE IS WORTH NINETY-THREE MILLION AND SOME ODD DOLLARS.

A Friend Attributes to Him Some Original Ideas of Viewing New York—The Baron Is Older Than He Used to Be, but Cannot Speak English—His Fortune Teaches the Utility of Saving Pennies.

The Vanderbilt of the Flowery Kingdom, Baron Li Yen Pang, is in town, stopping temporarily at 35 Pell street.
His arrival was briefly chronicled in some of this morning's papers, but several inaccuracies occurred in the various reports, and these THE EVENING WORLD hastens to correct.
For instance, instead of being worth only \$40,000,000, the Baron is credited with being the possessor of at least \$93,757,219.55.
He was worth \$93,757,219 when he reached New York last night, but had to give up 45 cents in car fare for himself and his retinue, going from the depot to his friend's home.
He stood the loss very well, and hopes to make it up to-day if business is good.

The Baron was born quite young, but began to grow old and long at once. He never stopped getting bigger until he was nearly six feet tall.
He is still growing old at last accounts, having lived more than fifty-three years.
He is in the dry-goods business in China, and has branch houses in nearly every large city in the world. His agents in Gotham are Messrs. Wing Wo Chong, of 35 Pell street, with whom he is stopping, and Sinn Quong, of 32 Mott street.

The Baron's education was somewhat neglected in his youth, and he cannot talk English. Therefore, he did not have the pleasure of an interview with a young man from THE EVENING WORLD who called to see him this morning, but a friend gave the reporter many interesting details of the Baron's career.
"He said,"

"The Baron heard so much in China about the size and magnificence of the East River Bridge that he determined to take a run over here to see it. As he is here he will stop in and inspect the 'Tomb,' take a run around the block, eat dinner in Hitchcock's celebrated coffee-house, in Park Row, and then hasten to Africa to join the expedition in search of Stanley. If he finds him he will offer him the largest salary ever paid a white man, to open a retail dry-goods store somewhere in Central Africa. Here he feels that a store is bound to pay, because he has read that the majority of the natives go about dressed only in natural tights."
"How did the Baron amass his wealth?"

"By an original scheme. A penny in China is worth about 2 cents in copper here. It is alleged that in his youth the Baron saved up 100,000 pennies, which he kept shipped here and sold for old copper, thus getting a start in life. Since then he has gone on increasing his fortune, until to-day he is worth \$93,757,219.55.
"How does he stand socially?"
"First rate. Why, he is a cousin of Li Hung Chang, the Premier of China."

KILLED HIS FAMILY AND SHOT HIMSELF.

A Michigan Man's Ghostly Work Without Any Apparent Motive.

TECUMSEH, Mich., Feb. 18.—Frank L. Silvers told shot his wife and two daughters, Edith and Ada, aged eleven and ten respectively, and then shot himself. The bodies were found this morning by neighbors who forced open a door. In the parlour lay the body of Mrs. Silvers fully dressed. The bodies of the children were found in bed up stairs and in the same room, on the floor, lay Silvers weltering in blood and still breathing.
Every one of the victims had been shot through the head, the exception of the body of Silvers himself, which was not shot, and cannot recover. There is no known cause for the deed. Silvers was apparently in perfect health, and his relations with his family were pleasant.
AN ECHO FROM THE STRIKE.

Inspector Maloney, of Grand Street, Held for Shooting John Hand.

At Essex Market to-day Patrick O'Toole, of 583 Grand street; James Reagan, of 577 Grand street; Edward Maloney, of 588 Grand street, and John Hand, of 363 Madison street, were before Justice Patterson.
It was alleged that Maloney and Reagan took out two of the first cars run by "senks" on the Grand street line in the recent strike, and that they had Hand vowed to get square with them.
They met in front of Reagan's house yesterday and a fight followed.
Maloney knocked Hand down by Hand, who afterwards kicked him. Maloney then drew a revolver and shot Hand in the leg.
Justice Patterson held Maloney in \$1,000 bail to await the result of Hand's injuries, and Hand went to the Grand street Hospital.
Maloney is an inspector of the Grand street line.

WORLDLINGS.

Prince von Bismarck weighs 165 pounds, and as far as physique is concerned is one of the finest looking men in Europe. His weight was 260 pounds when Dr. Schweigger began to treat him for obesity several years ago.
A recent visitor to the library of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the books in it that appeared to be most frequently consulted were a Bible and a copy of Shakespeare.
The Archduchess Elizabeth, the little daughter of the late Crown Prince of Austria, is only six years old, but is an expert and fearless skater.
Congressman W. L. Scott, of Erie, Pa., is worth probably \$15,000,000, but he is one of the least ostentatious men in congress. His face is sallow and he is rather thin and round-shouldered, with sparse sandy hair. He represents, either as president or director, 25,000 miles of railroad.

The regular use of MONSIEUR TREVING'S COMPOUND during teaching saves the children. 25 cents.

IS HE A BURGLAR?

Miss Mapes's Startling Charge Against Stationer Barquet.

He Is Held for Examination on Her Evidence Alone.

A Mount Vernon Sensation and Perhaps a Mistaken Identity.

The one topic of conversation in Mount Vernon this morning is the queer robbery at the residence of Charles Tier, the florist, and the subsequent arrest of the alleged robber, Pascal L. Barquet, a stationer and a man of hitherto spotless character.
The robbery occurred Saturday morning, between the hours of 1.30 and 2 o'clock.
The burglars were seen by Miss Lizzie Mapes, a niece of Florist Tier, who was stopping over Sunday with her relatives.
This young lady, having occasion to visit Barquet's store later the same morning, saw the proprietor and identified him as one of the burglars.

On her evidence he was arrested, examined before Police Justice Collins, and held in \$3,000 bail. He was released on a bond furnished by Morton Doremus and his mother.
Miss Mapes had gone back to West Farms and consequently could not be seen by THE EVENING WORLD reporter when he called on her this morning.
This morning, Mrs. Tier, however, volunteered to tell how Miss Mapes was so positive in her identification.
It appears that the young lady, who is only fifteen years of age, was awakened by hearing the burglars in her room. She saw two of them standing on the threshold. She made no outcry, but lay still and noted every detail of one burglar's costume, his hat, coat and everything else.

Every feature of the burglar's face she noted as he stood there in the full glare of the gas-light in her room.
This man she says was Mr. Barquet. She is positive and cannot be shaken. The other burglar, who was short and stout, she could not remember, except that he wore a black chinchilla overcoat.
The younger man, when he attempted to go into Mr. Tier's room, aroused that gentleman, and both burglars made a hasty exit, with bullets singing around their heads.

There is no other testimony against the stationer, and on Miss Mapes's uncorroborated testimony he was held.
She denies his guilt, and accounts for every minute of his exit up to 1 o'clock Saturday morning. He arrived in Mount Vernon Friday night, about 9.10, from New York. He went to Mrs. Sterling's house, corner of Bridge street and Terrace avenue, where he stayed until 12 o'clock. Then he came down Railroad avenue, and on the way passed Excise Commissioner Drew, who spoke to him.
Later, about 12.45, he met Constable Gyon, with whom he also exchanged greetings. This latter gentleman saw him enter Barquet's store.

Barquet is a very well-known young man, and owns considerable property in Mount Vernon. His folks are respectable and well known. Public opinion is strongly in his favor, and expresses the belief that it is a case of mistaken identity.
BOY BURGLARS AND PISTOLS.

COMPULLED TO SURRENDER AFTER GOING THROUGH FIVE STORES.

Policeman Donohue Brought the Three to Bay on the Roof of 70 Chambers street—Believed to Be a Gang Which Has Done Much Sunday Work in the Dry-Goods District.

Policeman John F. Donohue, of the Leonard street station, arraigned the Tombs Court this morning three determined young burglars whom he caught with difficulty last night.
When on his rounds, on Chambers street, about 7 o'clock, Donohue heard a noise in No. 79 and saw the three men running upstairs.
He gave chase, and when he reached the roof the men were hiding behind the chimneys.
They each had a drawn revolver and ordered the officer to halt.
Instead he whirled out his revolver and called out, "Surrender or I fire!"
At this they threw down their weapons and gave up.

He placed the trio under arrest the officer searched through the building.
He found that the hardware store of Francis W. Robinson, in the building, had been entered by the burglars and nine hundred dollars' worth of goods were scattered about here and there, having evidently been thrown down by the men. The burglars were valued at \$1,100. Nearly all the desks and drawers had been broken open.
Further investigation proved that the burglars had also been operating on the premises of Mr. Tolner, who had a picture manufactory in the upper part of the building.
There they did not get much, and at once began to rifle the shoe store of Daniel W. Dietrich, of 63 Reade street, where the thieves treated themselves to a pair of fancy shoes, each having their old ones behind.
The desks and drawers were also broken open, evidently in search of money.

Thomas Taylor's cutlery establishment was also visited, and \$100 worth of penknives carried away. The wholesale burglarious work did not end here, for the trio went through the store of Marcus Moron at 83 Reade street, where they got nothing but their fastidious tastes, and returned to the building at 79 Chambers street, bent unquestionably upon packing up the booty they had so safely secured, and were, as before stated, caught.
They would give no names until arraigned in Court, when they said they were Amelio and John Garbunol, sixteen and eighteen years old respectively, and Austin Ripetti, fourteen years old.

The officer told the Court that during his search in following the burglars from place to place he had broken open the drawers of goods of different kinds had been found scattered over the roofs as well as in the different hallways.
The trio were held for trial. It is thought the men belong to a regularly organized burglar gang which for some time past has been operating in downtown fact, and other business establishments on Sundays.

The "White Caps" Are Nowhere.

Allow me to congratulate you on your work in the Tina Wells case. It seems a shame that any society could act in such a heartless manner. It is on a parallel with a case lately in Brooklyn, where a boy only twelve years of age was picked up on the street, charged with vagrancy made and the lad was sentenced to the House of Refuge without even notifying his parents, whose address the society and the committing magistrate knew. The parents were obliged to sue out a writ of habeas corpus to get possession of their child. Talk about White Cap outrages, while these lawful (?) outrages are committed so publicly! Shame.
REBUKE.

For the Weal of Ireland.

The Irish Parliamentary Fund Committee will meet at the Hoffman House at 8 o'clock this evening for the transaction of important business. Eugene Kelly will be in the chair.

Now

Is the time when your personal condition should command careful attention. If you have not "wintered well," if you are tired out from overwork, if your blood has become impure from close confinement in badly ventilated offices or shops, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. It will purify and vitalize your blood, create a good appetite, and give you whole strength and energy. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists, \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

SUING THE WIDOW HASSETT.

MRS. KEELER WANTS THE VALUE OF A HUSBAND'S AFFECTIONS.

She Puts Them Down at \$50,000 in Her Inventory, and Tells a Sad Story of Their Alienation—Mrs. Hassett's Answer to the Charge—A Small Boy's Repetition of a Cook's Awkward Remarks.

One of the most singular of the phenomena of life is the rapidity with which the value of a husband who has been repeatedly informed of his wife that he is no account and a measly old thing rises when that same wife discovers that he has been smiling at and smiled on by a wealthy rival in his affections.
This is doubtless what Lawyer William A. Keeler, who has an office at 335 Broadway, is now pondering upon.

In 1880 he married Mary, the daughter of Janitor Frederick Stanbridge, of the East Forty-second street school. She was a tall, straight, slender and lithe brunette of seventeen. He was a promising young lawyer of twenty-one years. A sweet little girl is the outcome of the union.

For six weeks Mrs. Keeler and the child have been with her parents, and through her counsel, ex-Judge W. T. Houston, late of the New Orleans bench, she sues Mrs. Sarah J. Hassett for the alienation of the affections of her husband who, she alleges, has been bewitched by the widow of the late Thomas Hassett.

Mrs. Keeler recites that Keeler's mother gave him a fine house in East Seventy-fifth street, and it was nicely furnished. That they were happy till, in 1885, he became acquainted with Mrs. Hassett and the latter began to exorcise her wiles upon him. She would call him up on the telephone at his house and order him to take her to the theatre, to dinner, to hotels and the like, and he was presumably in his capacity of attorney, would obey and would forget to come home till midnight or 2 o'clock in the morning, and so sometimes not till breakfast time.

He began to neglect his wife and child, abused the wife, contracted a drinking habit, sold his house, furniture and library, and spent his proceeds on the bewitching widow. The wife expostulated with the widow, but was told to go to grass, and finally, as her husband was not supporting her, she went home to her mother and brought this suit, asking for \$40,000 for damages to her "tender sensibilities" and "great distress of her body and mind and estate."

Mrs. Hassett, answering through her lawyer, Palmer & Boothby, denies each allegation, and declares that her relations with Keeler have been purely business relations, and alleges that this is all an attempt to blackmail her.
Keeler himself makes affidavit that he broke with his wife because she requested him to accompany Mrs. Hassett to some place where the surroundings would be suspicious, for the purpose of enabling her wife to commence an action for damages; and that on one occasion Mrs. Stanbridge, the mother, and two sisters joined in urging him to assist them in procuring a divorce, and that he made affidavit that he had been guilty of illicit conduct with the Widow Hassett.

Mrs. Keeler, nervously twitching with anger and excitement, retold the story of her married life to an EVENING WORLD reporter. She said Mrs. Hassett was forty-three years old, though the lawyer said she was a demure, motherly old lady of fifty-five, and Mrs. Hassett herself is said to have testified to but thirty-eight years in the Catherine Love will contest, in which she got \$12,000.

Mrs. Keeler said Mrs. Hassett had met and entertained Keeler at Mrs. Allen's fashionable boarding-house, 76 West Forty-eighth street last winter. There Mrs. Allen's sister said, Mrs. Hassett boarded two months, having the rear parlor, Mr. Keeler called evenings, but made only short calls.
Mrs. Allen's thirteen-year-old son, a demure motherly old lady of fifty-five, and Mrs. Hassett herself is said to have testified to but thirty-eight years in the Catherine Love will contest, in which she got \$12,000.

Mrs. Keeler said Mrs. Hassett had met and entertained Keeler at Mrs. Allen's fashionable boarding-house, 76 West Forty-eighth street last winter. There Mrs. Allen's sister said, Mrs. Hassett boarded two months, having the rear parlor, Mr. Keeler called evenings, but made only short calls.
Mrs. Allen's thirteen-year-old son, a demure motherly old lady of fifty-five, and Mrs. Hassett herself is said to have testified to but thirty-eight years in the Catherine Love will contest, in which she got \$12,000.

AN INSANE HOUR.

Mrs. Ray and Mr. Richter Were Both Crazy at 3 A. M.
At 3 o'clock this morning Mrs. Margaret Ray, aged twenty-five, the wife of Druggist Robert Ray, of 11 Varick street, ran out of the house in her bare feet, while laboring under the delusion that some persons were trying to poison her. She acted in a violent manner, and Policeman Powers found it necessary to take her in charge. At Jefferson Market she told Justice Duffy that she was a Spanish lady, and that she was that she was not insane. She was committed for examination as to her sanity.

Policeman W. G. Burke, of the Sixteenth Precinct, was called into 146 Seving street at 3 o'clock this morning, to arrest Herman Richter, who had shown evidences of insanity. He was also committed for examination.

HE DECLINES THE BISHOPRIC.

Rev. Dr. Satterlee Will Remain in His Work at Calvary Church.

Much to the gratification of his parishioners, Rev. Dr. Henry Y. Satterlee, rector of Calvary Church, at Fourth avenue and Twenty-first street, has declined the bishopric of Michigan, which was lately tendered to him.
In announcing his decision yesterday morning, Dr. Satterlee spoke of the plan of parish work which he had when he came to Calvary Church, and of his feeling that it was his duty to stand by that work and the builders of the church spiritual who were laboring with him.

This is the second offer of a bishopric declined by Dr. Satterlee within a year, the other having come from Ohio.
AN EX-PREACHER'S FIENDISH WORK.
He Becomes Drunk and Murders His Entire Household.
[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]
PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Feb. 18.—John Elmer, a prosperous farmer and formerly a local preacher at Elizabeth, Saturday went home drunk.
Seizing a heavy poker, he brained his wife and two daughters, aged respectively twelve and seventeen, and also killed the hired girl, set fire to the house and burned their bodies. He is in jail at Wirt Court-House, and the Sheriff has a strong guard to prevent lynching if possible. Elmer claims that thieves did the terrible work.

Now

Is the time when your personal condition should command careful attention. If you have not "wintered well," if you are tired out from overwork, if your blood has become impure from close confinement in badly ventilated offices or shops, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. It will purify and vitalize your blood, create a good appetite, and give you whole strength and energy. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists, \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

PARAGRAPHIC SUNSHINE.

A FEW CHEERFUL RAYS TO DISPEL THE GLOOM OF THE SKIES.

Voicing for a Good Cause.

From Judd.

Equine—Mah frien, dey's habbin a puddy hot time at de polls up in Slabtown.

Pedestrian—Am dat so? What is dey wotin' foh dis time in de veah?

Equine—Wall, when I left dis was wotin' foh two dollahs apiece, but I heerd dat some ob de boys did get as high as two and six bits.

Severe Punishment.

From the Kansas City Times.

Now they have "lady White Caps" in Indiana, who send around threatening notices to objects of their displeasure. The extent of their severity is not stated, but we presume that in extreme cases they compel men to go to afternoon teas.

More to the Purpose.

From the Burlington Free Press.

Posnoby—Hello, Stebbins! Just back from your Western trip, eh? I suppose you saw a pretty tough lot of customers out there? Stebbins—Well, so-so. I was looking out of the car window in Nebraska, one day, and I saw an old granger tramping around a stable field in his bare feet.

A Clear Case of Bulldozing.

From the New York Weekly.

Judice—If, as you say, you found this woman so violent and headstrong even during the engagement, why did you marry her?
Mrs. Goodheart—Why don't you give that poor woman a dime?

Mrs. Tiptop—Mercy me! I can't afford to spare a cent. As it is, I don't see how we're ever going to pay for that \$300 dress I had to order for the charity ball.

Railroad Blunders.

From the New York Weekly.

Brakeman (on railroad train at night)—Poughkeepsie! Poughkeepsie! I suppose you saw a pretty tough lot of customers out there? Stebbins—Well, so-so. I was looking out of the car window in Nebraska, one day, and I saw an old granger tramping around a stable field in his bare feet.

Particulars Needed.

From the New York Weekly.